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REDEEMER UNIVERSITY COLLEGE WINTER 2012



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Lest to Thy Peril Thou Aby it Dear Jonathan Silverthorn

The Road is Difficult, Few Ever Find It Kimberly Musselman

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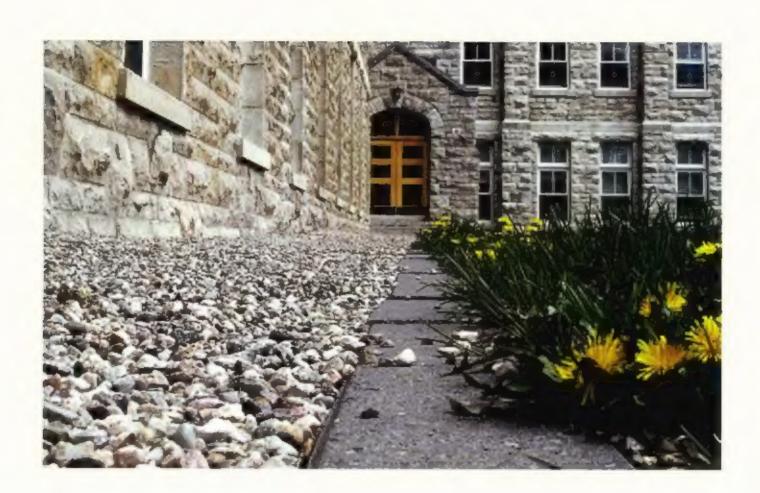
Flowers of the Field Reagan Butler



lest to thy peril thou aby it dear, Jonathan Silverthorn

Look where thy love comes. My movie-making mind moulds for my present a reel that draws unreal, an impossible still impassible film of a future, fed through flame too small to light my eye, too transparent to be my heart's desire. What I long and which I need are Capulet and Montague, forever entangled in the space of opposition: drawn to long but known to need. That fisted spirit beating in my chest will ache for which it yearns, but in love with the women of the world I know it dances on the thread of wrongful wishing. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want" what will ever engage my mind with making movies of a "true love" kind, indefinite to reality. Yonder is thy dear.





The Road is Difficult, Few Ever Find It Kimberly Musselman

Dear Me.

This is not what you asked for. This is nothing like the work you expected. If awful were to be manifested in simple language, this would be it. Or is it already? Can a word hold its own meaning? If so, what use is Webster? If not, what use is the relatively short string of character that it is? "Who's on first?" That's right. "Who's on first?" That's what I'm asking you. I'm not asking, I'm telling you. It's all fun and games until someone dives head first into the deep end, then realizes they were wrong. You can't dive in, you go off. Then people start using their bodies in awkward ways, and you are called crazy. You were the embodiment of awful. You asked questions. You gave your own answers. You were loud.

This is not what you are looking for. You will find no reaction to your demands, no resolve to act in your mysteries. We are sixes, not sevens, nor can we ever be both. To be human is to be imperfect, left to lie there by the apt priest, left to die there by the Levite of flawlessness, yet brought home by the one they together ridicule. Knock knock. Your knight in shining armour is not here. He is out there. He is searching for you while you dabble at this door, the one the world is willing to answer. When you are lost you need not find. You will be found.

This is not what you need to hear. If it is, then you should go no further. Stop in your muddy tracks and turn them on their side. Let them live their own lives. Let those tracks go on without you. You will not move. You will blow your weenie whistle and let the dogs come running. What will happen when they find you? If you are weak then you will shame them. If you are strong then you are strong. For thine is the courtship, the love and the wonder, forever and ever.

This is not what you asked for. This is more.

There is no end to your struggle, just as there is no beginning to its power over you. But there is purpose for your conscience, just as there is source to its rationality. Foundations go the longest way in erecting structure. Let your conscience be your guide? Let its foundation be your life. Build on the rock and you will not be swept away. Build on the giver of strength so that you may boast in your weakness. "C'est la vie," not "C'est une vie." Forge not your own sword amidst the battle, but use that which was given to you before the war. Look around you. You know what you are looking for. These words are not enough.

Jonathan Silverthorn





May Flowers Reagan Butler



Raindrops Reagan Butler

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Ordinary day the asphalt sizzled the sun shone down evening slowly approached

Four of us, in the forest green Ford air conditioning easing the heat talk of bathing suits, seat-belts and the end of summer

It was an ordinary day.

Eyes trace from floor-ridden flip flops to left window and cloudless sky to the grey car

Absent-minded Toyota barrelled through pleading red Flipping once, twice, careening, weightless

Eyes wide, flashes of life, flip flops and ordinary day hurtling through the gaping hole once a deceivingly heavy door

Roller-coaster ride seized, unpredictable beginning and end aware of insignificance, missed opportunities, distilled friendships, silent apologies

> All I knew my hidden treasures lay around comfort, security, safety shards of glass on hot pavement

Thousands of thoughts froze the officer reported we should not have survived we should not be alive

A fireman picked through broken glass to rescue my sandals An ordinary day changed my life I realized where real treasure lies.

Embers Laura Heming

Meet me on the top of the state tower, I have something to give you It must not be placed under the duliness of a cloth.

Or packed away in oak boxes.

It must lay perfectly in the rawness of your palms, as you pass through litter elements

And yes, you can pass through the plains of Prince Edward Island

Run with diligence through the streets of Mumbai

Swim through the streams of Sydney, beloved.

Pick of the clovers of Dublin, and fill your lungs with the air of Talling

Rest in the warm sands of Oludeniz,

But let this tinder leave its embers, within the streets of each of these.

Let your footsteps be filled with ashes

Of the curiosity you've ignited.

I assure you. The winds of the windy city will sway you

The cobble stones in the streets of Kilarney will fail to be even

And trip you will, and scrape your knee.

The waters of the Atlantic will tend to swallow,

And you will find yourself choking on air, lost in blue

But meet me here again one day.

when my voice pulls you back my way, and bring me back the lantern I ve ignited. As it burns brighter than before.

You may come to me with your bruises and your brokenness

Your battered heart and your utter confusion.

The soot that covers your face te is me that you are what I have always called you

You are more than a conqueror.



We think we ve got it chained
We think we have it bound
We want to control it
We wear it around.

We base our lives upon it Every second, minute, hour We don't realize that It's not within our power

It's not ours to take
It's not ours to give
It's not ours to claim
It's a gift we live

To everything that breathes it's limited and measured To everything that lives it's a temporary treasure.

> Time Reagan Butler



Scarlet lips like cherries on a cold winter day. The graceful scorn of one perfectly arched eyebrow. The flutter of evelashes, early reminiscent of the death throes of a butterfly. She could rule me out by a single movement of her face. I loved her and loathed her. Such extreme emotions can easily overwhelm one's heart and mind so that he becomes unable to control his actions. I know I certainly couldn't. Yet how I desperately wanted to I wanted to be the man that she desired. Oh, she told me how I failed at fulfilling her desired. She would never let me forget my failures. That would be showing mercy.

Often I would refer to her, when my lips were loosed in the presence of my fellow men, as cold, frigid, black are on a winter pond. She was take an cicle sharp and dentily, attached by delicate glue to the eyes, ready to fall and impale on the siliphtest agitation. But no one really understood. They would ask crude questions, such as to our love tife. I would blush and drown out the questions with another draught of beer. But the questions would linger in my mind in the dark hours of the night when I would be alone in my bed. She was there too, but I couldn't touch her. I never could touch her, unless she wanted it. I would be alone. In my silk sheets, alone, hugging myself in the cold hours of the early mornings.

People would have thought that we were perfect and we certainly looked the part. King and queen in silken robes and diamond rings, sweeping through the parties is gramorous as the stars themse, wes. We were the envy of the rich, the cream of the eite. Smiles fixed downing back glasses of champagne and scotch. Champagne for her, scotch for me. She from red on my scotch, would rather that I say champagne, we her, but I wasn't, ke her. I aked my scotch, the stronger the better. Numb the pain it you will. Not that it would last but we all have our vices. At least that's want I tell myself. And when the sun rises on the log of night what does it matter?

We live by night, shun the day like vampires in a grisly tale of passion. Flesh and silk, entwined on a bed of black roses, hit by a hungry fire. Softly in the aftermath of our havok, she will touch my face. Kiss my hips and whisper that I militer treasure. Her special gem in a house of gold. Nothing more than a treasure to be taken out and admired when boredom strikes.

She collects treasures. Hides them away in her bosom till they are broken. Am I broken yet? In the mirror I am perfect. But the mirror hes tells us only what we have already heard. In the mirror the reflections of a whiskey glass in the amber light smeared by a touch of lipstick on the rim. I, pstick stoins everything, aps, checks, neck, chest, all the way down. Can't wash away the stains. It suits her, the stains. She stains everything taking possession of all she touches. Her treasures stained by the kisses of her lecterous mouth. Lam her treasure, or so she tells me.

One day it was over Life changes people she said, with falsely beaded eyes. I will always be her treasure. One last kiss tasting of wine and branch. A shrug of slender shoulders through her fur store a whoshered good by. Then she's our on the rain drenched streets sliding into a taxin the sixt on her dress showing a creamy thigh.

Now the house is empty. If ake a final taste of scotch, swallow it dawn. Pull on a silken, acket, leather shoes. The door clicks behind me. I m homeless on the street. After a . I was her treasure. And now I m not



Colourfu Leaves Alexander Hamilton



139 Amelia Bowes

Towels, clothes, shampoo lilled the waiting hixing pack. It was the first thing he'd seen in the closet that day.

5. You are all around me on every side. You protect me with Your power

Sometimes it was nice, even peaceful if the rony can be spared. After all they had to listen to the story of that I me be quit the service, and praised anything she put together in art therapy because it was supposed to reflect her "inner feetings". That was it, the ironic part. A condition that is classified by one's emotions, and she felt nothing, knew nothing.

2 You know everything I do, from far away You understand all my thoughts

The poet in her apprecia ed the way her mother almost absent-mindedly placed it on her pulow before leaving. Like the cliché of having a small spark of hope daring the darkest of trials. Now it was only a book of fairly tales, but nonetheless an alternative to dell. O and antiseptic. But even fairly tales can help you remember. One night the pillows were soft again, and her paintings began to have explanations.

12 Even the darkness is not dark to You the night is as the day, for darkness is as light to You

She zipped up the pack and straightened the sheets one last time. Popping the child proof seal, she thought about mistaken redemption, and how her husband probably hadn't had roast chicken in a while.

23-24 Search me God, and know my heart, test me and know my anxious thoughts. See if there is any offensive way in me, and lead me in the way evertasting.



If I were a miner Geo Roome

If I were a miner I would mine for your heart I would find me a rhythm I'd get a good start I wouldn't dig rubies Or sapphires or coal I would dig right on past To find out your soul If I were a miner I'd turn on my light I'd keep it a glowin' To dig through the night And though the dark noises Be terrible, and cold I would hold my pick tighter And pray to be bold If I were a miner I'd find you in France Unearth you in Ireland And perhaps by chance I d wash your face clean With fresh ocean tide Or follow you down deep To the place where you hide

I am no miner
I live in the sun
But I d still dig for you anyway
till the digging's done.

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All that Glitters Jocelyn Mulock

All that glitters is not gold. Cars break down and toys get old The best things in life aren't things at all, Glory fades and empires fall What would you give to keep what you've got? Would losing it all put you in a tough spot? Do you have deep love for those around you? One you can always count on to talk to? Will what matters today count tomorrow Will it bring peace, or just cause you sorrow? Is it "thy will," or is it what you want? Is surrender true, or only a taunt? Will you be able to accept His gift In all circumstances, in praise, hands lift? The sparkles of this life are but fleeting Never stay to chat, just for the meeting. Set your sights on gifts from above, And always treasure the power of love.

Every Poet's Poem About a Butter fly Jonathan Silverthorn

How this butter's fly doth burrow in my chest.

I once are a fly
by mistake
because it was sitting on the butter I buttered to my toast.
The moments fluttered by
as "Shut up or die" played on in my daydream
of actuality.
A swallow
followed by a crow storm of a robin s be,ly laugh
swooped in to follow the hollow
empty chewing of my sauced up daily grain.
Staying slain on my plate
were the testifying crumbs of DNA
pointing to the high tide
of my crime against flymanity.

When say I "once," mean I thrice have eaten tiny pilots in just such a way

These three who failed to flee haunt my insides still I feel these buttered flies deep down where food and drink divide if ever I am shy and so avert mine eye downward away from the truth





Annalise Joshua Hil ebrandt

As the rooster crows
The egg breaks
And the yellow yoke stands
alone

Untitled Rebecca Vink

Bread and Grapes Rebecca Vink

They told me where to go on that train to that place. But on the way I stop, There was the boy my good friend from ten years ago. I remembered The accident left him blinded -- alone You walked by, not learning his past - the reason why. Not knowing where to go -1 took his hand -Gave him some bread and took his bag. They told me "stop". I let go of his hand Returned his bag and stepped onto that train.

They told me where to go on that train - very back. But on the way I stop. A little girl -I did not recognize sat still while looking out the window. Despondent -Crying - alone. You walked by, not learning her past - the reason why. Her face covered in tears. I held her close -Gave her some grapes - the train Started to move closer to that place. We stepped out They told me left But her to go right.

He never got on that train
She never entered that place.
But they tell me my efforts
Were not in vain
As we eat bread and grapes
All together.

Inward Glance Joshua Hillebrandt

There he stands, one leg extended like some sort of model. He brushes back his striped bangs with thin fingers, feminine, weak. He's so skinny, drawn tight, as if someone stretched him when he was young. He's nervous, staring into the crowd with large eyes, always glimmering with tears, like he's on the verge of tears. There something off about him. No matter how he acts, he's always just a little bit creepy. He hardly ever truly smiles, just stretches his large red lips into some sort of facial contortions. It never hits his eyes. They are always sad, puppy dog eyes begging for attention. His teeth are crooked, yellowed. His face is covered in imperfections. Awkwardly standing alone, never really fitting in, head tilted to one side. He wears his heart on his sleeve, grasping it in both hands, shoving it in people's faces, screaming for someone to care.

Can't be see that we don't want to? Can't be see that we don't want to be a part of his life? We all sense that something is off with him. It's odd. Just slightly off, like he doesn't really belong here in this place. The rest of us are normal, but he's not. We can't put our finger on it but it's always there. Lingering behind his volatile face. Careful, Don't want to say the wrong thing. Never know what reaction you will get.

Not that we hate him, not that we think he's gross, ugly. If you get to know him you can see past his odd exterior, to a big heart, witty humour. But inside are secrets, dark shadows that emerge every so often.

Now he's left, walking away, alone again. His earphones are in; he's lip-synching heavily to his music. Probably some of that girly pop music he's so found of. He walks funny, one leg right in front of the other, like a girl. Just so odd. We shake our head and realize we've been staring.

But what we don't know, is how every morning he looks in the mirror and tells himself that he is loved. Every day he has to convince himself of his worth. Just to keep going. And every day we condemn him with a glance. Because we are afraid.



Flowers of the Field Reagan Butler



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